Fashion's Fancies...

A GOOD CARRIAGE.

Why Our Grandmothers Held Themselves Like Duchesses.

An English writer, in speaking of the value of carrying oneself well, remarks that when our grandmothers were girls and straight backed chairs instead of gush-

TAILOR MADE GOWN.

ioned divans were the usual resting places the young women held themselves with a straightness that was almost stiffness. Then when they grew old they still held themselves like duchesses, for it is the way one sits rather than the exercise one takes that determines the erectness of the figure. A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part shall be felt in the right place. Therefore it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight, the shoulders will also rest against it, but even if the shoulders have no point of support it will be found that they do not need it when the base of the spine is supported properly. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. Every organ of the body is properly fixed by this attitude. The feet should rest squarely upon the floor. The hands should rest lightly in the lap, and thus perfect equilibrium and rest are secured.

A woman with a fine carriage, good taste in dress and plenty of self confidence requires neither beauty, wit nor talent to be a social success. Her merits are obvious at first sight, needing no long acquaintance in order to be appreciated. For women of this type the tailor made gown is particularly appropriate, and the sketch shows a pretty one of fine checked cloth. The bodice forms a blouse in front, but has a basque behind. The stitched straps are of white cloth and the buttons of mother of pearl.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

Bicycling, Walking, Dumbbells and Horseback Riding.

Since the idea that women cannot be strong mentally and physically, too, is not yet quite done away with, it behooves them to take particular pains to disprove its truth.

All who can possibly enter a gymnasium should do so, for public gymnasiums are now so conducted that by following the directions of the instructors it is almost impossible to exercise in such a way as will be detrimental to health, but those who are unable or unwilling to do this can by simple means build up and improve the body at home. For strengthening and developing the legs nothing can be better than walking. A simple but most useful exercise which all can practice is that of breathing. When the breathing capacity is increased, the general health is improved. For the breathing exercises throw the head up, the shoulders back and the

BICYCLE SUIT.

chest out. Inflate the lungs through the nose until full, then exhale quickly until the lungs are empty and finish with long drawn inspirations. This should be done, if possible, out of doors. For strengthening and developing the upper part of the body a pair of light dumbbells is all that is needed.

Horseback riding and fencing are excellent exercises, but for the majority of women bicycling is more convenient, and as a general amusement it bids fair to rival the popularity of tennis. The long skirt has almost disappeared as a bicycling garment, owing to the trouble it causes in mounting and the danger of its becoming wound up in the gearing while the machine is in motion. Short skirt or full trousers are now the rule. A sketch is given of a French bicycling costume made of waterproof serge. The gaiters are of cloth to match, and the hat is of straw.

Ants and Aphides.

The ants are on the leaf and walking gently over the aphides, examining them one by one, the latter remaining perfectly motionless. One of them pauses for a long time over an aphis; she appears to be caressing it, now stroking, now gently flagellating its body with her flexible antennæ. At length the insect responds, and from one of the pair of little funnels on the back there issues a single drop of a clear fluid, not expelled with force, as it often is when the insects relieve themselves of it, but gently exuded, the ant standing ready to receive it and then proceeding leisurely to suck it up. The ants go from one insect to another, sometimes receiving a drop of liquid, but often having to pass on disappointed, their benefactors having apparently none ready to give in many cases. After a time they have exhausted the whole colony, and they go around inquisitively stroking one after the other as if reluctant to leave until they have made sure that there is no more to be got.

These aphides are of a species distinct from those on the rose tree, with which the ants have been in all probability previously engaged. They differ in shape, color, size, and in the shape and length of the nectaries, but the actions of both the giver and the receiver show an intuitive knowledge of each other, which can only be accounted for by an ancestry on both sides stretching back over an immense period, during which an intimate relationship must have existed between both classes of insects.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Hungry Man's Dreams.

One of the worst evils attending penal servitude is said to be the hunger which assails a man with a healthy appetite during the first few months or years of his imprisonment. A man who has just done a long term for forgery says:

I used to go to bed every night pinched by hunger. I began dreaming of banquets, and would have thought nothing strange about it had not the same dream come to me every night. The banquet was always the same, in the same place, and I always had the same place at the table.

The exasperating thing about it was that just as the first course was offered I always awoke, so that even in my dreams I was not permitted to taste of the munificent spread which was nightly presented to me in my sleep.

I dreaded to go to bed because the dream tortured me. It only made me the hungrier, and I then understood the agony of Tantalus, the fabled hero who was tortured with thirst, and to whose lips the waters were ever coming and receding just as he was in the act of taking a drink.—Boston Globe.

GOWNS FOR THE MIDDLE AGED.

Mothers and Grandmothers May Be Attired In Soft Bright Tints.

In color and in the shape of dress matters have altered very greatly to the advantage of an elderly woman of late years. It used to be an article of faith with her and her dressmaker that she must not be too smart, and a sort of lumpiness pervaded her general aspect. It is now, however, the young people who insist that their mothers and their grandmothers shall not give themselves up in the matter of dress and take on for their own wear the hopeless habiliments to which they once would have been doomed. Daughters now throw

HOUSE GOWN.

away their mothers' caps or give them to the housekeeper, and with a pretty tyranny insist that the soft rolls of white hair shall be arranged in such fashion as to set forth to the best advantage the fading features that they love so well. The mother of 60 protests and thinks she ought to wear black or at the most dark gray and fears that her new gown is too fashionably cut. But these objections are generally overruled, and both sons and daughters love to see their mothers prettily dressed in soft bright tints and wearing garments which do not obscure the graceful figures that many women manage to retain well on into old age. The middle aged woman of today is as smart in dress as her prototype of 20 years ago was dowdy and antique. That this freedom is occasionally misused is an unavoidable thing; but, on the whole, it is an advantageous change, as the consciousness of looking well always improves the spirits and manner.

The illustration shows a princess house gown suitable for a middle aged woman. It is of ophelia surah, lined with taffeta. A flounce of lace, headed by pearl passementerie, simulates a deep yoke. The belt is of white satin ribbon, and a tulle ruche surrounds the neck.

MADE OVER GOWNS.

How to Make Them Attractive at Little Expense.

To remodel an old evening dress for ordinary use add a deep basque, full if one is slender, slightly gathered if the opposite. Such a basque is extremely pretty in lace, plaited surah or plaited silk muslin, and at once renews the youth of the toilet. Lace blouses made with long basques are also worn by the economical over old gowns of a bright color and smarten them up wonderfully. Overskirts and blouses of light jetted lace also renovate old silks, whatever their hue. To successfully fill up the decolletage and turn a ball gown into a serviceable demitoilet buy two lengths of lace or of black or white guipure, according to the color of the gown. The first should be about 1½ fingers in width, the second still wider. Take the narrower, turn up the edge to make a frill round the neck and gather it into five parallel rows at the

CHIFFON BLOUSE.

throat. The second piece, which should be deep enough to fall to the waist, is then gathered so as to form a point in the center, cut out over the shoulders, gathered and pointed similarly at the back, where it fastens invisibly. To keep all in place a Frenchwoman would sew a button on to the evening dress and secure the lace to it. The junction of the two pieces is hidden by an insertion of jet passementerie that runs round like a yoke and is crossed at the shoulders by two semibraces of the same, ending off back and front with heavy jet fringe. Ribbon to match one's belt may be introduced under the insertion, and a gown available for theater wear or for a small party is thus constructed at but little trouble or expense.

The sketch shows a simple chiffon blouse, which may be made with an old silk bodice as a foundation. The chiffon is gathered at the throat and belt and smartened by the addition of lace about the neck and on the elbow sleeves.

BEGGING TO BE BOUGHT.

All Sorts of Pretty Pottery and China Are In That Posture.

Since the general business depression oriental goods have been selling at astonishingly low prices in comparison with their former cost. Japanese products, always a temptation to the incautious observer, are additionally ensnaring now that that they have been so vigorously "marked down." Black and gold screens of various sizes are shown at a bargain, while all sorts of pretty pottery and china, useful as well as decorative, are begging to be bought. One of the most attractive novelties is a pottery jar the size and shape of a grape fruit, curiously shaded with yellow and green like a half ripe gourd and decorated with gold medallions. There are also shown some new Japanese pincushions made in the form of an ear of maize, with the green husk still partly enveloping it and a withered looking tas-

EMBROIDERED BAG.

sel of silk at the tip. The Japanese artificial flowers sold for decorative purposes are really wonderful. The blooming cherry branches are especially noticeable for the fidelity of reproduction. Japanese artists have a particular fondness for fruit blossoms, and the cherry is a favorite, being copied by them more frequently than any other flower except the chrysanthemum.

A great many French and Viennese glass and metal novelties are imported by establishments making a specialty of them, and things may often be found there which are never seen at the large fancy goods houses generally patronized. Some beautiful vases and rose bowls of water green glass are exhibited, both plain and decorated with embossed garlands in gold, besides a variety of cups and saucers, trays and similar articles of fine china sprinkled all over with tiny roses, pansies or forget-me-nots. Also there are marvelously life-like little birds and animals made of metal and enameled in the natural colors. These are most artistically done.

A sketch is given of a fancy bag having a square bottom and triangular sides, inside of which is the gathered bag of silk. The stiff bottom and sides, which are all in one piece and are bent into shape, are covered with silk or plush, and the edge is finished with a cord. Each triangle has a sprig of flowers embroidered upon it, and the lower corners are adorned with small bows of ribbon.

PARISIAN NOTES.

Suggestions About Gloves and Concerning the Toilet.

Parisian women are the best gloved in the world, but most of them wear 6½ or 6¾ gloves. These are not the smallest sizes for a pretty hand, but are those worn by many of the fairest of the sex nevertheless, for a tight glove is a perfect abomination. It makes the hand look larger instead of smaller.

When tired, warm and weary after a day's outing, do not plunge the face in cold water, expecting to be refreshed, or you will be more than disappointed. After the first cooling contact with the water the flesh will smart and burn more uncomfortably than ever. Instead of soothing the overheated skin, cold water acts as an irritant, whereas tepid or hot water produces a contrary and desirable effect. After removing the dust and cleansing the pores thoroughly a buttermilk rub will

NEW SLEEVE.

heal, whiten and keep the skin tissues in a healthy condition. The sun glaring on hot brick and mortar and hot dusty pavements is very hard on the eyes. Bathing the eyes in tepid rainwater and epsom salts or diluted extract of witch hazel will allay inflammation and rest them wonderfully.

The Marie Antoinette fichu is very popular in Paris, especially with taffeta gowns. It ties at the back, with long ends falling on the skirt, and is made either of net and edged with lace or of glace silk and trimmed with ruffles.

A new sleeve is shown in the cut. The lower part is of guipure, the puff of accordion plaited goods. A guipure cap is placed over the puff, and that again is surmounted by a box plaited epaulet lined with silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Baby's First Steps.

A well kept baby will walk when he gets ready. He doesn't need any lessons. Let him alone. See that his falls are broken and his hurts kissed better, but don't teach him to be a tramp. Urging a child to stand alone is an excellent way to cripple him for life. When the young bird's wings are strong, he knows it and flies off. As soon as the baby's legs are strong enough to support him, he, too, will stand up and walk off. Give him a chance.—Babyhood.

Sure to Be Select.

Farmer Peavick—Be you folks goin ter the church social at the Corners this evenin?

Mrs. Summerboard—I think not. We rarely go to affairs of that kind unless they are very select.

Farmer Peavick—Oh, this here'll be select enough! The selectmen uv the village is all goin to be there.—Boston Herald.

A Saying Transposed.

Wife—Please get up, John. The baby is crying again, and I'm too sick.

Husband—Nothing but trouble in this house! Never rains but it pours, and——

Wife—Well?

Husband—And as to the baby, it never pains but it roars.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THEIR AIM IS TO BE FAMOUS

Misguided Mortals Who Quit Life Simply to Make a Short Sensation.

SOME ODDITIES IN SUICIDES

One Feather Brained Couple in New York Who Decided to Die Together Fearing Lest They Should Be Parted in Life—Other Pathetic Instances Have Also a Ridiculous Side.

For the Saturday Tribune.

There are all sorts of motives for suicides, but the most unworthy of all is to quit life for the sake of notoriety. Vattel, a cook for one of the great French estates, killed himself because the fish arrived too late for dinner. At the age of 98 years Zeno, the founder of Stoics, fell and put his thumb out of joint. This was a hint to him that he had lived long enough, so he went home and hanged him-

JULIETTE FOURNIER. JULIUS DE MARCUS.

self. A German, trying to emulate an Englishman who leaped into Vesuvius, dived into a furnace. A Frenchman, not to be outdone by either, tied himself to an enormous rocket and blew himself into a blaze of glory.

The double suicide in New York a few days ago by those two deluded featherheads who shot themselves in Central park was perhaps as ignoble an affair of the kind as has recently occurred. Julius de Marcus was 23 years old, and Juliette Fournier was 17 years old. They went to Central park together some time in the afternoon, and the next morning their bodies were found in the ramble. She had promised to let him kill her, perhaps coaxed him to die with her, and she faced his pistol with bared breast. They were in love and planned the crimes to make as big a sensation as possible. They left many silly farewell letters, some of which are given below.

There was one in French addressed to the authorities of the city. It read:

We die in perfect health and with clear minds. We die for love. We are happy. It is our wish that no autopsies be made upon us, and it is our final request that no knife be used upon our bodies, and that we be buried together in one grave, if possible. We are both freethinkers and do not care in what cemetery we are buried. I hope that my beloved parents will favor me with my last request and bury Juliette and myself in one grave. I die for her and she for me. We do not wish to be parted in life or in death. We beg all for forgiveness and are as happy as ever.

JULIUS DE MARCUS.
JULIETTE FOURNIER.

Then came letters from the woman. There was only a line to the husband who gave her a name, simply:

Pardon. I despair and prefer to die.

JULIETTE.

Another, to her father, J. Fournier:

BROOKLYN, Aug. 20, 1894.

DEAR PAPA—I am bold enough to call you by this name once more, for this is the last time you will ever hear from me. When this reaches you, I shall be dead. I die happy. It is no one's fault. Forgive me all the misery I have caused you; also this last blow. Your little daughter, who loves you,

JULIETTE.

That to her mother was dated Monday night:

MY DARLING MOTHER—I beg your pardon for the pain I am about to cause you. When you receive this I shall be dead. Pardon me and think sometimes of your little girl, who loves you and regrets all the trouble she has caused you. Adieu and pardon.

JULIETTE.

On the man there were nine photographs, clippings from one of the daily papers wherein Robert G. Ingersoll is said to favor suicide under certain conditions, a pocket mirror, a little money and a gold ring. Six of the photographs were of the dead girl.

Juliette was married about a year ago to Henri Fournier, her father's brother, who is 37 years old. In her pocket and on her person were found a pocketbook containing a bunch of keys and a black veil, a sword scarfpin, a gold hatpin, a wedding ring, a small diamond ring, an emerald ring, a gold band ring, a wire gold ring and a pair of diamond earrings.

These facts recall another case where a young actress and her artist lover committed suicide together in New York some three years ago. Gustave Koch was a bright and handsome Austrian German who had come to this country and married a woman who proved unfaithful. He obtained a divorce and soon after formed the acquaintance at his boarding house of a young and handsome girl, Emily Rossi. Her father was a well known singer in Germany. Her mother is still a well known writer of short stories for magazines. The girl was educated with a view of making her the wife of some noble and well to do German, but she revolted and became an actress against the angry protests of her mother. They were thus hopelessly estranged, and as far as can be known this was the exciting cause of her self destruction. She could not get the permission of her parents to marry Koch, and then, as near as can be ascertained, they decided upon the cowardly act of sui-

EMILY ROSSI. GUSTAVE KOCH.

cide together. One morning just at daylight Koch ascended the steps to the elevated railway station near where Miss Rossi lodged. He passed through the gate to the end of the platform and took his stand about a dozen feet from the window, at which a figure was seen to appear. Then he put the pistol to his temple and fired. His aim was true, and he fell dead. At the same instant a pistol sounded in the room above, and when her landlady entered she found Emily Rossi dead. A small hole was in her breast, and a pistol lay on the floor beside her. The pistols were of the same make and had been bought by Koch. When he walked home with Emily the evening before, he carried them in a paper candy box and alluded to the contents in conversation with a friend as "those precious candies." The funerals of the two suicides took place at the same time. Their bodies were cremated.

Poisonous Fly Bites.

We are wont to speak of slight disorders as "flea bites" (which are by no means to be confounded with flebitis), but it now appears that fly bites, at least, may be very serious. It is not the gadfly we are warned against, but the hitherto supposed to be harmless (and "necessary") household fly. It is the old story of living germs again, "in the inoculation of which this little creature, notwithstanding the weakness of its mandible, takes its share." Another terror is thus added to our daily life. The true origin of the proverb, "He would not hurt a fly," is now made apparent; such is the mildness of his disposition, it means that he would not even destroy that enemy of the human race—the fly.

I possess a little dog against whom two reproaches have long been hurled—first, that he is not a sporting dog, and secondly, that he is useless. It is quite true that his notions of sport are restricted; he will not tackle a rat and has some apprehension about tackling a mouse unless it is in a very feeble condition. But to see him in pursuit of a bluebottle fly is to witness a chase of the most enlivening description, and half of it up in the air. I confess that I often join with him on wet days in this harmless recreation (for he never, by any accident, catches the bluebottle).

When left alone, however, he will pursue the common housefly with great success, especially when it is on the window pane. Hitherto I have frowned on this recreation as being cruel and even barbarous, for he not only kills but devours these small deer, but I now perceive that he is actuated by benevolence toward the human race.—London Illustrated News.

A Pair of Suspenders.

"Did I understand you to say," inquired the lively drummer as the train sped onward, "that you were in the suspender line?"

"You did," was the reply; "I have been a member of the regulators for a good many years. Know of any one that needs stringing up, do you?"

But the drummer had imperceptibly slid into the next car.—St. Joseph News.

The most lasting monuments of the copper art are the old grants written on copper plate and coins which are constantly being discovered and stored up in the Madras Central and other museums. The only nation that possesses these imperishable forms of documents is India.

Didn't Like Being a Gentleman.

Among Captain R. W. Eastwick's recollections are some of Colonel Wellesley, afterward world renowned as the Duke of Wellington, who told him a story of a sergeant in Wellesley's regiment. After the declaration of war with France, and when an invasion of England was feared, many volunteer regiments were raised, and this sergeant was selected to drill one of them. Later, through the influence of an officer of the regiment, he received a cadetship in the Bengal forces.

The sergeant went to India, but being quite unaccustomed to mingle with gentlemen, soon found himself out of place. Some time afterward he heard that his old commander, Colonel Wellesley, was in Calcutta. He obtained leave of absence and hastened to that city, where he called upon the colonel and explained his uncomfortable position.

"Sir," he said, "I am tired of being a gentleman, and desire to be degraded back to my former post—in fact, to become a sergeant in the Thirty-third again would be promotion to me."

Colonel Wellesley was glad to have so capable a man in his service, but felt in honor bound to remonstrate with him for so mistaking his own interest.

"You have attained the position of a gentleman," he said, "and should strive to become worthy of it." He advised him therefore to return to his duties.

The sergeant would not listen to him.

"Saving your presence, sir," he declared, "a gentleman is a mighty poor thing to be. It is like being under continual arrest. A man may not do that which he desires, that which comes natural to him, but must always be thinking of his behavior, and whether what he does is in accordance with his station. I would sooner be a private in the line, and master of my own actions when off duty, than colonel of the regiment and pestered with trying to act the gentleman!"

The man returned to his old place in Colonel Wellesley's regiment.

Charlotte Cushman's Love Affair.

Charlotte Cushman, the actress, was in love but once in her life. She met in Cincinnati, where she was playing, an actor named Clark, with whom she fell in love. Through her efforts Clark was advanced to leading man in the company, and the course of true love ran smoothly.

One night the actress met a strange woman behind the scenes between the acts.

The woman came up to her and addressed her thus:

"You are Charlotte Cushman, the great actress. Haven't you got enough men to admire you without coming between man and wife and robbing me of my husband?"

"Your husband!" cried Miss Cushman, getting excited.

"Yes, and you have taken or you are trying to take him from me," continued the ragged woman, looking Miss Cushman full in the face.

"Who is your husband?"

"Conrad Clark," replied the woman, "the father of this child," pointing to a half starved, thin little child in her arms.

Miss Cushman started as if she had been shot.

She went through her part that night as usual—acted it splendidly—brought down the house; then, after the performance, she sent for Clark to come to her dressing room. Clark knocked and then opened the door. She brought forward to him his wife and baby, who had been waiting in the dressing room to receive him.

Such a reception! Charlotte Cushman never looked or acted so grandly on the stage in all her life as she did that night in her dressing room. She waved Clark away with a greater majesty than ever as Queen Catherine she waved away Cardinal Wolsey, and then going to her hotel probably she had a good crying spell.

But she never loved again.—Philadelphia Times.

A Strange Building Legend.

Nine master masons who were engaged in building a citadel in the time of the Voivoid Neagoe found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the day before had fallen to pieces during the night and was lying in a heap of ruins in the ditch. Manol, of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from heaven had warned him in his sleep the night before that their labors would continue to come to naught unless they all swore on that very morning to immure in the structure the first woman, be it wife, mother, daughter or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them. They all took the oath, and the last man had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife appeared carrying her husband's breakfast. The oath was kept, and the woman, known in the legend as "Flora of the Fields," was murdered and her blood and flesh incorporated with the wall of masonry.

A curious practice of the Bulgarian masons (the above scene is laid in Bulgaria), which survives to this day, testifies to the vitality of the legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after the digging of the foundation has been completed. When the foundation is commenced this reed is buried under the first rock, usually the cornerstone.—St. Louis Republic.

SOMETHING ABOUT PROPELLERS.

And the Different Casualties That Break These Massive Castings.

The propeller of a steamer is a comparatively insignificant object compared with the huge body it propels against the combined forces of wave and wind, but they come to grief frequently in a variety of ways. A few days ago the red D steamer Venezuela, in a calm sea, without a breath of wind almost, suddenly lost one blade of her screw, just as suddenly and with as little cause or notice as overripe fruit drops from its parent bough.

Around the dry docks are numbers of gigantic propellers, all in one stage or other of dilapidation. Some are cast in the solid—that is to say, the hub through which the shaft passes and the fans which extend from it are one solid casting. Others are built or cast, rather, in sections; the hub is one, and each fan or blade is another, which fit into bases made for them in the hub, where they are screwed on by huge bolts that are set in the hub casting. Where one fan or blade is broken it is easily replaced, as the makers retain the models of all wheels or propellers, as they are indifferently called, which they cast. Then the entire wheel is not rendered useless, as in the case when a solidly cast propeller like the Venezuela's comes to grief.

It is extraordinary to see the proportion of vessels that arrive having received some damage to their propellers. Occasionally damage is done by the shaft racing, as it is technically called. That is caused by the steamship plunging head on into the trough of a big sea, and so elevating the stern and the propeller that it is completely out of water, and being suddenly rid of the resistance the engine runs away, so to speak, just as an ordinary engine will do when a driving belt slips off or breaks. Occasionally propellers are broken by striking floating logs or ice, and rarely by striking a whale or large fish, when it is so much the worse for the fish.

But there is one curious fact always noticeable about propellers; that is, that the extremities of the blades are eaten away as though by some corrosive acid. They are pierced with holes of greater or lesser depth, which weaken the points of the fans so that they snap off. These corrosions are said to be caused by the action of the water, but it seems strange that the wearing should take the form of honeycombing the metal instead of wearing it away smoothly, as the mere friction of striking the water might be supposed to do.

Recently screws or propellers are made of different combinations of brass and other metals, especially for steam yachts, and are very costly. A short time ago Pierpont Morgan's yacht struck a rock in the sound. The force of the blow smashed one blade clean off, although fastened on by eight or ten 2-inch bolts secured by massive nuts, and a second blade was curled up by the blow just like a sheet of lead. This wheel was designed by Beaver Webb, was only a three bladed one and yet it cost the comparatively enormous sum of $2,800. It was made of a composition metal resembling brass in color, called Mayanese bronze.

In large ocean steamships, if the propellers are not one solid casting it is usual to cover the nuts and bolt points which fasten the fans to the hub with a cement. This is so tenacious and becomes so hard when once set that it rarely breaks until its removal becomes necessary, when it gives the workmen a hard tussle to remove it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Driving Two Kings.

The king of Denmark and his second son, the king of Greece, were out for a walk and went farther than they had intended; dinner time was close at hand and they were tired. Just in the nick of time up came a cart driven by an old peasant; they hailed the man, asked him to give them a lift, and were soon seated upon some sacks in the cart.

In reply to King Christian's inquiry, the man said he was going to the castle of Fredensburg to try and sell the two sacks of carrots upon which they were sitting. After a pause the king of Greece asked the man, "Do you know us?" to which the peasant made answer: "How should I? I have never seen you."

"Well," said King George, "I will tell you, so that you may know in future. You are driving the king of Denmark and the king of Greece."

The peasant roared with laughter at what he considered to be a good joke and, not to be behindhand, proclaimed himself to be Frederick VI, who had been dead some years.

The man laughed and chuckled at the joke until the castle was in sight, the two monarchs sitting silent in the cart, but when the soldiers on guard saluted the kings and paid the usual honors the scene changed. The two monarchs, however, thanked him cordially for the ride, and ten minutes afterward the man was on his way back, his two sacks of carrots having been purchased at a most unexpected price.—Harper's Young People.

The Growth of the Umbrella.

For years umbrellas were made of only such materials as existed, and consequently most unsuitable substances. Its cover soaked up moisture, and in drying cracked or rotted, its whalebone ribs became brittle, and its stick was a ponderous club, tiring to hand and arm.

The greatest modern improvement was the invention of the steel frame, which took the place of whalebone, about forty years ago, up to which period umbrellas were yet so expensive that the masses did not possess them. The tips used to be made of bone or japaned metal and fastened on, and the runners were fully six inches long. The ferrules were also much larger than now. The umbrella was kept closed by a metal ring fastened to it by a string.

Any one, by comparing these figures with his own trim umbrella, will note the wonderful strides which have since been made. One will hardly credit the fact that the perfected umbrella of today represents upward of 400 patents for parts, alterations and improvements in manufacturing processes.—Clothier and Furnisher.

What Foucault Did for Science.

There was one discoverer whose name, I think, was Foucault, who added to scientific discoveries many new and useful inventions. Foucault discovered the invention of a lamp to aid in scientific discovery. He invented a mysteriously constructed lamp which would feed the carbons in electric batteries by clockwork. The works of the clock were kept in motion by electricity.—New York Telegram.

Women in Brickyards.

In some of the brickyards at Springwells, Mich., scores of women, it is said, dig in the pits and carry the molds. The upper parts of their bodies are almost nude and the lower parts are hardly covered by coarse cloth. Several carry naked babies while they work. They come from Poland.—New York Sun.

A Possible Case.

The patrolman was before his chief for having slept on his beat on Sunday night.

"I am surprised, Officer Sling," said the chief regretfully, "that this charge has been brought against you."

"So am I, sir," responded the officer.

"You were never guilty of such an offense until you took your present beat."

"No, sir."

"Have you any excuse to offer?"

"Yes, sir," said the officer confidently, "there's two churches in every square of my beat, and I can't get out of hearing of the sermons, sir."—Detroit Free Press.